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Um... Flying I Guess

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Chapter 1 by Cat4055

I was up and up early. I would like to say this early wake-up was of my own will, but no. I was woken up by my little sister Zura (which is Sanskrit for brave). Everyone of the Samartha family's name is in Sanskrit. Even though we never spoke it, my whole family is named in Sanskrit. My mom's name is Catati, meaning rain, and my father's name is Unnetum meaning 'to lift'. All except for me. It's not like I'm left out. I love my name. Unnetum Samartha found me at the cave by the river, crying. I was wrapped in a blanket with the word Zazama embroided on it. Assuming this was my name, he brought me back to his house and brought me back and gave me food and shared his last name with me. It means 'strength' or 'power.' I live with him, and my stomach is never empty. Ever since my third birthday, my family knew I wasn't normal. I wasn't like them.

There was a difference that made me something else.

I could fly.

Chapter 2 by Ryan DeAngelis ✎

I don't remember the first time. The only reason I know about it is because it was told to me by family. As far as I could tell, what happened was that, during my third birthday, I was getting really excited, and I started floating. Not high, maybe six inches above the ground, but enough that everyone could see it. There was a moment that my family didn't have any knowledge of what was happening.

My parents were shocked, and after then, they tried to "cultivate" my talent by encouraging me and saying things like, "Go ahead, fly, child. Rise, child." It never worked, partly because I hadn't learned to do it consciously, and partly because I couldn't understand half of their words at the time. I wasn't until the age of seven that I could do it again. Not with my parents, as their little sessions just ended up boring and confusing me. No, instead, it was alone, in the middle of the night.

I was having a dream about me flying when I woke up, and decided to try and test it. I thought it was just a myth then. Surely I couldn't fly, that was absurd. But my parents were insistent about it, and so I thought I would try it at least. In the darkness of night, I climbed up onto a little rock ledge. From there, I tried to float again, concentrating on the effort with an intent I haven't had in a long while. I was still on the ground. I kept trying to do it in different ways, but they would never work. I was starting to get a headache from all of it, and so I tried to calm myself down. I fell into a sort of trance-state, and then it worked. I didn't realize it at first. My eyes were closed. When I did, it was undeniable. I was in the air and flying. I found that I could control my movements to anything I wanted. I was completely amazed, but this was only the beginning.

Chapter 3 by MystaryPi

Later, I felt some stubs on my back. A couple months later, those stubs turned into wings! At that point, my parents were trying to show me to news reporters, so that *they* could get money, when they locked *me* in my own room. My sister stopped by once in a while, and whenever she came, she took a hammer, and made a big hole in the wall.
After multiple times we saw each other, the hole was big enough to fit me in. So, with a sad departure, I flew away, into the night... never to return again...

Chapter 4 by

After flying about a few hours, I began to feel tired. Even though flight took less energy than walking, but I did get tired, so I swooped low towards the city. I was hundreds of kilometers away from home now, and I felt completely lost. as I approached the city, I saw something huge

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